

## The Evening World's Perfect Figure Contest

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

To Make Perfectly Proportioned for Their Height Women Now 15 or More Pounds Over or Under Their Proper Weight.

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### Reducing—Lesson V.



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### The "Air Diver" Breathing Exercise.

HIS exercise illustrated in this lesson is not a difficult one and must be practiced as follows: Stand with feet nearly together, chest and head up and palms touching each other above the head as she slowly separate the hands, gradually turning the palms toward at, until the hands are on a level with the ears. Take a deep, full breath as you bring the arms downward and force shoulder blades backward until you can feel them meet in the back, the hands up to starting position very slowly and exhale meanwhile, with the other breathing exercises for ten minutes several times by an open window.

Persons who inhale deeply fail to exhale in the same manner. perfect breather is the one who exhales quite as completely as she fills and empty the lungs with each breath of fresh air if you get the best out of deep breathing. The blood for the body and lungs should be sent by means of the arteries to every cell, organ of the body, and just so long as any portion is neglected as shallow breathing good health and good looks cannot be attained. An exhaling the carbonic acid and waste matter are thrown from the body, and this is just as important as taking oxygen into the body as it of poisons.

### Lesson Talks and Answers to Queries

TURNING to stout readers to learn showing and describing their new deep breathing exercise, and with it I shall tell all of my readers, both stout and thin, just how to breathe and how to know that you are breathing as you should.

When all of the lung capacity is not used the cells in the lower part of the lungs stick together and se upon each other, and this unused lung area has usually closed closed since early youth. Persons are not really aware of it that they possess this extra capacity, but they take some violent exercise, uses a sharp pain in the side tattering.

best way to increase the lung capacity is to breathe properly and learn to breathe properly and these directions to find out if you are doing so: Lie flat on your back with a paper weight on the pit stomach. Your natural inhalation and exhalation should lift the lungs, while the part of your immediately above it remains quiet. The diaphragm is the muscle which should be used on breathe. Properly action is to lift the upper part of the chest, a lifted by superficial and shallow breathing, filling only the upper of the lungs, should not move when a person breathes, stands and sits properly and naturally.

Remember that with every heart beat the blood passes through the lungs to be purified, and any exertion, which compels quicker heart action, causes it to contract more violently and naturally sends more blood through the lungs, which instinctively demand a greater amount of fresh air to attend to the process of purification.

**INGROWING NAILS—HAROLD T.** Place a small piece of cotton wet with peroxide of hydrogen on an orange wood stick, under the corners of the toes each night until they have worked their way out. Then cut the nails. Keeping the cotton under the corners will prevent the ingrowing nail.

**MASSAGE BREAST—DOROTHY T.** Massage the breast with cocoa butter to develop it. This will be beneficial as any cream or lotion much easier.

**RIGHT EYES—IDA G.** Do not do anything in the eyes to brighten them. Sleep and rest will do this for you.

**SKIN-DEVELOPING CREAM—A. G.** Lanolin, 1 ounce; sweet almond oil, 1 ounce; cocoa butter, 1 ounce; rose water, 1 ounce; beat thick and creamy. Massage this thin neck and bust each night for minutes with gentle upward movements.

**REDUCE BREAST—MRS. G.** To the following into a pomade over the fatty parts twice a day: Iodine, 1/2 potassium, 2 vasoline, 50 grams; lanolin, 50 tincture of benzoin, 20 drops. Rub into the breast frequently during this treatment and follow with diet.

**ABBY CHIN—MRS. DAVID M.** Rub the chin with a rubber chin strap. At any convenient time

## A "Leak"

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

### Description.

THE varied activities of the busy woman during one day often necessitate her remaining away from home from morning until night. There is no time for her to go home and change one's clothes for special attire, so that the exigencies of the morning, the club meeting or shopping, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, the theatre or some informal evening affair often have to be met by one and the same costume. Especially is this true with the suburbanites, many of whom have requested a design for a frock which would answer the need of every hour with equal appropriateness.

The design of today will also be suitable for the Sunday or dressy frock of the business girl. Silk and Georgette crepe are suggested in the front view with beads as an effective decoration. The bodice, cutting to a deep point in front, offers an appropriate place for a pretty bead motif, while the skirt takes opportunity to here conveniently hide itself. Buttons form no small part of the trimming on this frock, as two rows of these line themselves up the skirt from hem to girdle in the front, halting only to let pass a band of beads which are of the elongated sort, sewn in straight rows.

Buttons also trim the sleeves of Georgette crepe, while the beads are repeated on the caps into which the sleeves are set. A Georgette crepe yoke and collar, and a tuck of the same material attached to the skirt, complete this frock. Gray silk trimmed with white beads with steel beads and gray chiffon. If desired the character of this frock could be



HERE IS THE "COMMUTER" FROCK-SUIT. ABLE FOR ALL DAY WEAR.

delightfully varied by means of separate gimpes worn with it. Of dark blue, green, lavender or brick red silk for the frock, gimpes of self color, gray or white may be worn. If black was used for the frock, various colors as well as black and white could be indulged in.

At the right is suggested a light weight serge or woolen goods combined with satin. In place of the beads, fancy stitching or braiding, cordings or tucks may be used. The motif on the front of the bodice may be embroidered in some contrasting bits of color.

### Answers to Queries.

**Answers to Queries.** I am about to be graduated and wish you would advise me which dress to wear. I have a choice of a blue or a white. Which will make me look taller? M. Wear your skirts below the shoulders to make you appear taller.

**Answers to Queries.** I have six yards of gray Georgette crepe which I want to make up in some simple, neat style. An nineteen years of age, tall and thin. Would like long sleeves as my arms are not pretty. MISS H. Any color beads you desired could be used for the square patches of embroidery. Coral pink, steel, sapphire blue or gold would be pretty. Beads also should finish each end in back.

**Answers to Queries.** Will you advise me if a serge dress could be worn to an evening concert given in the home of a friend? The dress is dark blue and has black satin sleeves and white satin collar and cuffs. The skirt is pleated. Y. R. A serge dress is not appropriate. A silk frock, preferably of some lighter shade, or a semi-evening one, should be worn if evening dress is not expected.

**Answers to Queries.** Will you suggest some way that I could make an evening gown using even-lengths of a yard of elegant bead embroidered net. Opalescent beads are used. What material shall I combine with it? Am thirty-two years of age, weigh 135 pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes, medium complexion, good color. MISS E. S. White satin, dull blue tulle ribbon bow, variegated flowers at belt, flouncing of net embroidered with opalescent beads at skirt.

**BOTH UNNECESSARY.** F. H. SPEAKER CANNON tells this story of his early misadventures: "One of my friends was a struggling physician. Neither fame nor fortune had come to either of us. We were always hopeful. The year we were waiting upon my friend, however, for he soon lost his health. One day I greeted him with a hearty welcome and exclaimed: 'What do you think, Henry? You just bought an office safe.' 'Then, Joe,' said he, with the most gravity, 'I shall buy a brush.'—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## The Blind Man's Eyes

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.** WALLACE, a blind man, had been blind since birth. He was a kind, gentle, and unassuming man, who had been brought up by his mother, who was also blind. He had been a member of the same church since childhood, and had been a member of the same church since childhood. He had been a member of the same church since childhood.

### CHAPTER XV.

(Continued.)

He recoiled from it, choking back an ejaculation. The blind man, in his uselessness for pursuit, could delay calling out before him, he left the wall and stepped toward the center of the room. He took two steps—three, four—with no result; then his foot struck some light, thick and sticky and not cold. He stepped and put a finger into the stuff and brought it near his nose. It was what he supposed to be a piece of soap. He raised his foot and with his great toe traced the course of the soap; it led to one side, and then the blind man's toe touched some hard, metal object which was warm. He stepped and picked it up and felt over it with his fingers. It was an electric torch with the light turned on. Santoine stood holding it with the warm end—the lighted end—turned up to him. He swiftly switched it off. What put Santoine at a disadvantage with other men was light.

He could hear now some one breathing—more than one person. From the house, still shut off by its double, sound-proof doors, he could hear nothing. But some one outside the house was hurrying up to the open window at the south end of the room. That one came to, or just inside the window, parting the curtains. He was breathing hard from exertion or from excitement. "Who is it?" Santoine challenged. "Basili!" Blatchford's voice exclaimed his recognition to Santoine. "Basili!" that was! What are you doing down here?" Blatchford started forward. "Don't come any further; stand there!" Blatchford protested but obeyed. "What is it? What are you doing down here? What has happened?" Santoine felt again the stickiness at his feet. "Three or four persons fought in this room, Wallace. Some—or one was hurt. There's blood on the floor. There are two here. I can

hear breathing. I suppose they're hurt. Probably the last man. The room's all dark, isn't it? That is you moving about now, Wallace?"

"What are you doing?" "Looking for the light."

"Why, Basili?" "Get help first. I think those who aren't hurt are gone. They must be done. But—get help first, Wallace."

"And leave you here?" Blatchford rejoined. He had not halted again. The blind man heard his cousin still moving along the wall. The electric switch clicked and Santoine knew that the room was flooded with light. Santoine straightened, strained, turning his head a little to listen better. With the flashing on of the light he heard the sharp, involuntary start of Blatchford as he saw the room; and, besides that, Santoine heard movement now elsewhere in the room. Then the blind man heard his friend cry, "Good God!"

It was not. Santoine instantly sensed, from mere surprise or fright at finding some intruder in the room. That must have been expected. This was from something more astounding, from something incredible. "What is it?" Santoine cried. "Good God, Basili!"

"Who is it, Wallace?" the blind man knew now that his friend's incoherence came from recognition of some one, not alone from some sight of horror. "Who is it, Wallace?" he repeated, clutching himself. "Basili! It is—it must be—I know him! It is!"

A shout roared in front of Santoine. The blind man, starting back at the shout of it, drew the powder from his breast. But the bullet was not for him. Instead he heard his friend scream and choke and half faint, half cough.

"Wallace!" Santoine cried out, but his voice was lost in the roar of another shot. This was not fired by the same one who had just fired. At least it was not from the same part of his room, and instantly from another side a third shot came. Then in the midst of rush and confusion another shot roared; the light was out again; Santoine was alone in the dark. The room was still except for a cough and choke as Blatchford—somewhere on the floor in front of the blind man—tried again to speak.

Basili Santoine, groping with his hands, found him. The blind man knelt and with his fingers went over his cousin's face. He found the sound on the neck where Blatchford's life was running away. He was still conscious. Santoine knew that he was trying his best to speak, to say just one word—a name—to tell whom he had seen, and who had shot him, but he could not.

## Romance and Mystery Unfold on a 'Cross-Continent Train

By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer

Blatchford's fingers closed tightly on Santoine's; they did not relax but remained closed, though without warning. The blind man saw now and then lifted his head. His friend was dead, and others were rushing into the room—the butler, one of the chauffeurs, Avery, more men servants. The light was on again, and amid the tumult and alarms of the discoveries shown by the light, some rushed to the windows to the south in pursuit of those who had escaped from the room.

### CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIET SANTOINE, after she had described every detail of the room to her father, saw him back to bed and then, still clad only in slippers and a heavy robe over her nightdress, she went from her father's bedroom swiftly down into the study again. What she was going to do there she did not definitely know. She heard, as she descended the stairs, the sound of a door opening, and she saw a man in a dark suit, who was not her father, enter the study. The man, who was not her father, entered the study. The man, who was not her father, entered the study.

There were three of these spots now—where Blatchford's body had lain. They were soaking into the rug, but standing still red and black upon the polished floor. Was one of them Blatchford's?

Something within her told her that it was, and the fierce desire to go to him, to help him, was all she felt just now.

Then, a half mile down the beach she heard shouts and a shot. She saw a light through the light in that direction a boat without lights moving out upon the lake. Her hands trembled and she stood against her breast, she stood straining at the sounds of the man-hunt. It had turned west, it seemed; it was coming back her way, out to the west of the house. She staggered a little and could not stop. She stepped away from the house in the direction of the pursuit. Following the way it seemed to be going, she crossed the lawn toward the shore. A light suddenly came out there, and she went on.

Two white doors at the driveway were pushed open, and a man came out, working over a car. His back was toward her, and he was bent over the engine, but, at the glance, she knew him and remained, gasping. He was Blatchford. He turned at the same instant and saw her.

"Don't you?" he cried to her. "He's dead," which almost had ceased to be, faced her pulses again.

He could not have cried out so at that instant at sight of her if he had been guilty of what they had accused. Now she saw that, as he faced her, blood flowing over his face. Blood soaked a shoulder of his coat, and his left arm dangled at his side. But now, as he threw back his head and straightened in his relief at finding it was she who had surprised him, she saw in him an exultation and excitement she had never seen before—something which her presence alone could not have caused. To-night, she sensed vaguely, something had happened to him which had changed his attitude toward her and everything else.

"Yes, it's I!" she cried quickly and rushed to him. "It's I!" she cried quickly and rushed to him. "It's I!" she cried quickly and rushed to him.

"But Mr. Blatchford?" "Head," she answered dully. "They killed him then?"

"Yes, they—"

She was telling her now—unconsciously—that he had nothing to do with it. It was the others who had done that. He released her and wiped the blood from his eyes with the heel of his hand. "The poor old man," he said, "the poor old man."

Where's the key? he demanded of her. "The key?"

"The key for the battery and magazine the key you start the car with?"

She ran to a shelf and brought it to him. He used it and pressed the starting lever. The engine started and he sprang to the seat. His left arm still hanging useless at his side, he tried to throw in the gears with his right hand, but the mechanism of the car was strange to him. She leaped up beside him.

"Move over," she commanded. "This way!"

She had chosen the road to the right and raced on. He caught the driving wheel with his good hand and tried to take it from her; she resisted and warned him:

"I'm going to drive this car; if you try to take it, I'll throw us both into the ditch."

"If we catch up with them, they'll shoot; give me the car," he begged. "Then you'll do what I say?"

"Yes," she made the bargain. "There are their tracks!" he pointed for her.

The road was soft with the rains that preceded spring, and she saw in the bright glare of the headlights, where some heavy car, fast driven, had gouged deep into the earth at the roadside. She noted the pattern of the tire tracks.

Suddenly he caught her arm. The road had forked, and he pointed to the left. She swung the car that way, again seeing as they made the turn, the tire tracks.

They were racing now over a little used road which bisected a forested section still held as acreage. Old, rickety wooden bridges spanned the ravine, one of these appeared in the radiance of the headlights a hundred yards ahead; the next instant the car was dashing upon it. Harriet could feel the shake and tremble of the poorly nailed boards as the driving wheels struck; there was a crash as some strut below gave way; the old bridge broke but recoiled; the car bounded across it. The rear wheels skidding in the moist earth as they swung off the boards.

Harriet felt Blatchford grab her arm. "You mustn't do that again!"

"You mustn't do that again!" he repeated the order. It was too obvious to tell her that it was not safe. She laughed. Less than five minutes before, as she stood outside the room where her father's cousin had just been murdered, it had seemed that she could never laugh again. The car raced up a little hill and now again was descending. The headlights showed another bridge over a ravine. "Slow! Stop!" her companion commanded.

(To Be Continued.)

**TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY** By E. J. Rath  
The Funniest Story in Years—Be Sure to Read It.  
Begins on This Page February 5.